Rome 2.4.63

world you may be. I suppose a
very rigorous world - unlike mine.
Don't write unless you want to.

NYPL

V.

I'm making a shot at
your address.

52 TS. March 12th. 1933

You are such a kind hearted woman that my
little defalcations in not writing, dont matter
Now do I mean you a grudge for having left a
stout umbrella here - Ron Malaulay left gloves +
a brooch. I am feeling exilent at the moment -
At twelve today we started for Livingston Beacon;
& I had an hours walk in some silent green beech
woods; & a great box sat up: a thing was not to
found in all the world. It a lovely valley,
open, very classical: the way the trees stow, in
groups, makes me think of Virgil. And so
home, with the even the Bye Pass Road stooped in
the spring, which is hot enough to have pulled the
stem of my rose. Lord, how lovely England is!
If one could take a canning knife & cut off the
villas. I'm practising a surgical eye, which
shares landscapes till they are as they were in
Chaucer's day. I allow only 300 year old
houses, make a maggots. It not to
difficult. You make a habit of it.

Feb 2. 4. 23

I am too sleepy & too confused to write a better letter. I can't tell you about my Persian Even — a Nordic idol looking woman — Patricia Ramsey — who moved only more than a wax doll. Poor woman! She let me tease her about being royal for an hour. "Her are all very shy" "the Lord," "but the others are small. I'm an elephant" — but she hadn't the protruding eyes, as I told her. NYPL
I am trying to write a story to read & trying to keep a steady head among parties. Lady Rhondda has cropped up again. I liked her book — an honest woman, I should say; but not subtle. Oh dear me, how can I write this letter? I'm burning all over — I'm sleepy: yet, like love I never can make it to the city on the 7 hills. Tell me about Lawrence. I never meant to say a sweeping thing about him — indeed I'm sure of his "genius"; what I distrust is the platform; I hate the "I'm right" pose in art. But Lord, I've read no letter: Ethel Sands muddy river, trampled by oxen & pigs. Ottoline indeed. Think, by finding Mrs. D.H.L. a lamp — but then there's an old rose, a cute mort of O's friends. She wrote me vast letter in violet scented paper, contorted, but to me pathetic, like the flight of owls on a hot day — so unsteady, topheavy, furtive all judgment, but in their way beautifully balanced & intended

Yes I will write again, more stately

Bath

Thursday 16 March 1933

Ben a fantastic article—very sapphic—
Sonorous & shooting & thoughtful
Thro' Sid & that till the old bantz is
fairly let up. Very good indeed
I think. I envy you your use
of the vernacular—so free—
springy: & certain words
—'wrath' in that connection
give me a utter rasp of pleasure:
wrath is perfect: aye, wrong.
And I kept saying what word'll
the ure there (I'm writing in
a rush & can't remember how
the sentence went) Oh yes
very good indeed, the acrimony &

Rota 2.4.63

Solidity mixed: I like Comers to Fejuses:
from Brahms one might
steb one's toe against.

I should have cut NYPL
'their heart' in the last
sentence: seems to me the
rhythm is more direct, &
strong — (as it's a high note
this is important.)
even cumbered.

So sorry I'm two days
to write, but I've had a
long day

Yr.

Bath Sunday. 52 T-S. 26 March 1933

Well my dear Ethel, this can't even be a Spider crawl, because, oh I have written so many letters (one to spare such an honour as you think one ought to accept - but then you're a rare honour courtyles woman - going up to 'honours' women, when the only honour is blue blank air, no more, no ley - what the point of this honour worship? Mumbo Jumbo!) Yes; I'm really only answering your competent fact demanding enquiry — about Mr. Braithwaite. Privately, confidentially, I thought it a flimsy floppy ill written sprawly niggly piece of work — wanted to be shot through a rifle in one bullet — Anyhow, we have stopped that series, at the moment as Read; & the only suggestion that occurs to L. is that

the should print it in Cambridge as a pamphlet. That is how it would reach the right quarters. If dissolved in the sea of London nobody would notice it. Moreover Good work is an unpossible height for any magazine: Desmond MacCarthy would not look at it — he's the only one who pents at height. A pamphlet is far more effective — but the ought to shorten, to tighten. And its so damned provincial in tone — another argument in favour of a small printer at Cambridge. But for God's sake dont hand on a word of this: I wrote a polite version to her. She's married an old friend of mine. I say what weather! And I'm in such a hurly burly — Lady Rhondda drags me to Hamstead tonight — then there's — oh such, there's the Renan, the Pensées — you shant boast of David without rousing my little frog Chorus. but what a bore, after all, royalty turns Bohemian is — if it werent for the Lark and in a way. If you will write, I'll try to.

NYPL

Nov 2 '13

52 Tavistock Square.

Thursday 30th March 1933

But I can't honestly write a full account
of my life — here I am just in from taking
my mother-in-law round Richmond Park —
She has shrunk to the size of a three months
after her illness, but is still indomitable, is
married 67 years ago tomorrow. After that, now
in fact. I must wash, bring ink stained mud
stained, & then, which means changing even
stockings, & so off in a hansom cab or taxi
this wild blowing night to Pall Mall to
dine at a Club with an old friend who
should know better than to ask Americans
to meet me — And when asked to choose
the dinner I was too shy to say only
Pate de foie gras, Champagne, mushrooms &
Chocolate ice, or the welsh rarebit.
So now about Monday or Tuesday. I'm

Rota 2.4.52

Got to attend Tuesday at Bedford. Work rolling,
so that's no good. On Monday I have an
Italian lesson (at Hugo's) till 5.30: but
shall be back here by 6. Would you like
to come, say at 6.5? by which time
I shall have taken my hat off a bit
the fire? If so let me know & come.
Lord Lord, why can't I what is called sexy
like by the forelock & ride it like a race horse?
Why must I sit through a vast incoherent dinner
now this instant? Why is it cold, why am I
fated to wear silk stockings for the American
friends of a friend who is the dumbest man
in the world? Why must I [illegible]? I liked old
Dunn Jacket, a black tie
Rhondda - but she must have had a fright as
a child - nothing else explains her humming &
hawing - her indecision, her incapacity: but
a nice woman, all the same.
So goodbye

V.

NYPL

52 T.S.

5th April. 1933

No time to write — no time. And no brain.
I dont think Friday would be worth it —
Ottoline is coming at 5.30. & as she's
very deaf, poor woman, & I haven't seen
her since before Christmas, I'm afraid
I will be alone. But — we dont go to
Rodmell till Thursday week. Why not
perhaps one day ~~&~~ next week? And
we're only there a week; I shall
Come here, ^between ~~&~~ only be 3 weeks in
Italy. — So there are many
Chances of ~~having~~ Eliating
whatever it may be. What's call a
wrinkle talk. how d'ye do why?

I've just bought a bath, & now Lord O:
is coming, & I have a lemon. I leave Lord O:
to your imagination.

I will try to write, but
the Italian craze, & so an
steal what remains of time — & Saturday we
were at Bedford & St Neots & I'm so
weary body — so sleepy, so hot, so dreamy
so full of emotion
that I shall
never
never
be
able to
express

NYPL

I will ask L. about the typing, but its really only a question of buying a new ribbon. Tell her; its a shame not; its a dodge they will try to be cheap; but its a damned shame.